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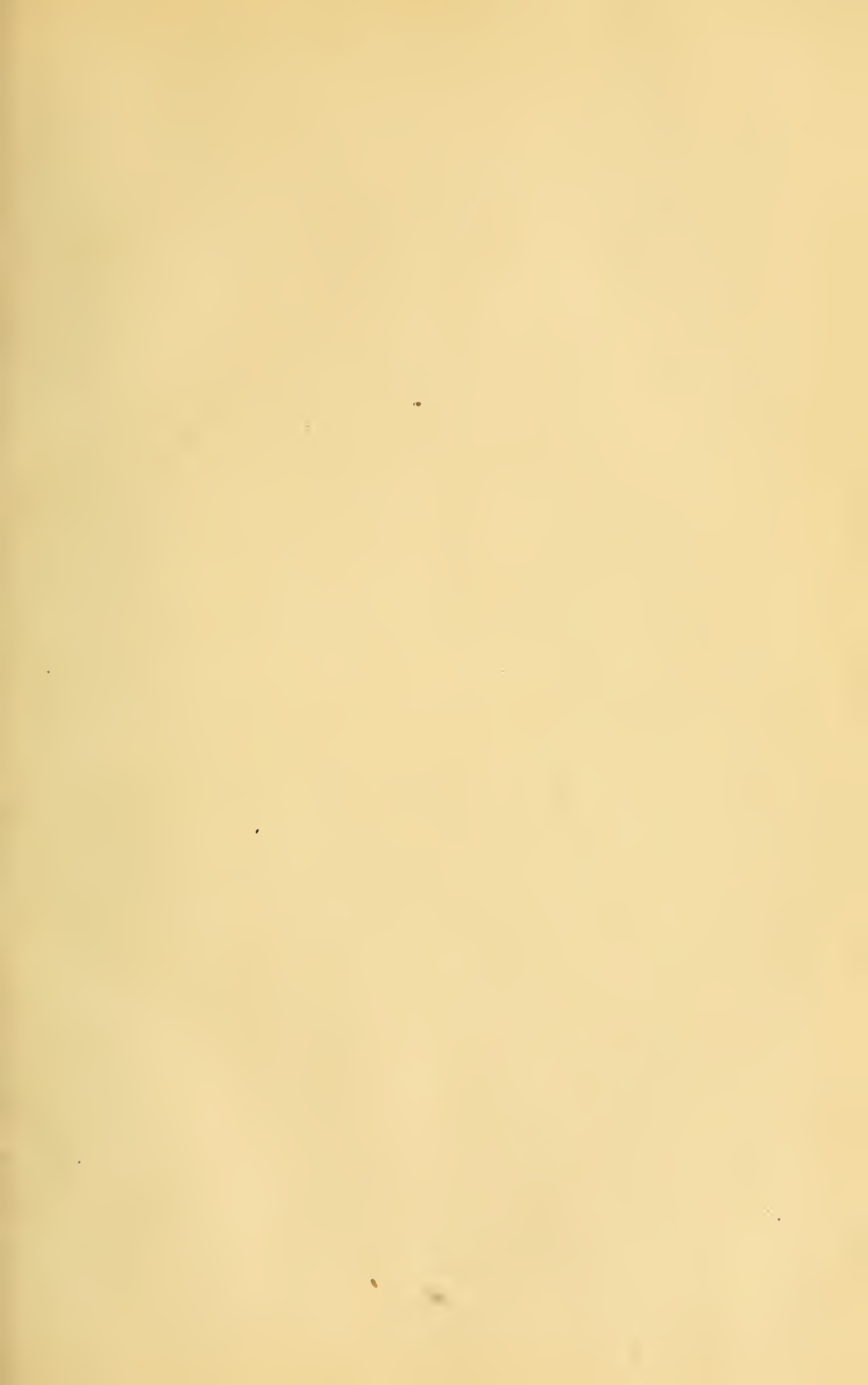
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# France and Germany :

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## A DISCOURSE

PRONOUNCED AT LONDON, DEC. 20, 1870,

FOR THE

FRENCH RELIEF FUND :

BY THE REVEREND

FATHER HYACINTHE.

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*FUTURA PROSPICE.*

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*Translation, Paper, Printing and Binding a Gift to the French  
Relief Fund from Citizens of Baltimore.*







From a Photo-copy by Henry

*Fr. Hyacinthy*

France and Germany :

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*Charles Loyson cat. p. 14. N.*

*July 1. 1870*  
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FUTURA PROSPICE.

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TO THE CAUSE OF  
THE FRENCH SUFFERERS,  
IN BEHALF OF WHICH THE DISCOURSE  
WAS ORIGINALLY PRONOUNCED BY  
*FATHER HYACINTHE*,  
THIS EDITION IS DEDICATED  
BY THE SEVERAL CONTRIBUTORS.

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LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

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[From a Letter to THE INDEPENDENT, by M. D. Conway.]

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On Tuesday afternoon Father Hyacinthe made his first public appearance in London. His reputation as a bold Catholic reformer, and the fact that the proceeds were to benefit the distressed peasantry of France, combined to bring an enormous crowd to the doors of the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, of which hardly one-third could gain admission. \* \* \* Before them arose the plain French gentleman, about whom no scrap of dress nor remnant of tonsure remained to mark that he had ever been a Carmelite friar, a man of about fifty years, with a square, open face, upon which also past and passing experiences had left strong inscriptions. His theme was that which fate had assigned him: France, Germany, the War. And as he rose, and for some breathless moments silently cast his searching glance around the appealing faces before him, all felt how overwhelmed he was by the awfulness of that theme. Then, with a low, almost tremulous voice, he speaks in that *naïve* French of which he is the finest oratorical master since Bossuet: his first words seeming like the simple plaintive pleading of a child. (What art can equal artlessness!) It was but a few sentences about the sore calamity of which for the last five months Europe has been a witness, the yearnings of every friend of humanity that the dreadful tragedy should end, and the anxious questioning of good men as to what could hasten the return of peace. A commonplace enough beginning for a great orator, as one reads it on paper; but as they came from the preacher's stricken heart, the voices of all who ever cried *implora pace*, of all who ever prayed "Give peace in our time, O Lord," were in the few faltering words. As he proceeded, it was plain to see that Father Hyacinthe had not come to prophesy smooth things, nor to tell the French that they were the most injured innocents and the Germans the greatest brutes in the world. If he had been brought here to curse the hosts of Germany, he did not do it. He paid a high tribute to Germany—to its "extraordinary, generous seeking for truth," its vast contributions to learning and civilization; and pronounced the German universities, "even

though he stood in England," the best in the world. He regarded with honor the aspirations of Germany for unity, and launched a bitter rebuke against that "base envy" which, conjoined with ignorance of Germany, had led France to a criminal aggression upon that country. He uttered an impressive warning to Germany, that, if she should now take up the *rôle* which France had dropped; if, with a similar blindness and injustice, she should attempt similarly to rebuild in Europe the fabric of Cæsarism which belonged to ancient Rome, she would reach her Sedan also. The passage in which this was expressed was one of marvelous power, and excited loud cheers and cries of *bravo*; but the orator did not proceed to sympathize with all the prejudices of his hearers in this matter. He emphatically declared that the transfer of Alsace and Lorraine was a secondary question. He confessed his ignorance about the condition and feeling of those two provinces and that of his countrymen; and, while hoping that they might remain French, protested against the theory that their loss would impair the greatness or mar the future of France. I do not remember ever to have witnessed a more impressive instance of the power of an orator than in the force with which Father Hyacinthe put his statement before an audience to whom it was unwelcome. He recalled the fact that once nearly every Englishman thought that it was necessary to hold Calais as a pistol at the head of France; and Queen Mary said that when she died the name of that town would be found engraved upon her heart. Yet what Englishman now wished for Calais? Not only, he maintained, would the loss of Alsace and Lorraine not reduce France to a secondary rank; but that loss could not prevent the alliance between the French and German people which was inevitable. \* \* \* \* \*

What he said about "race" was a symphony upon Manzoni's theme:

" All made in the likeness of the One,  
 All children of one ransom,  
 In whatever hour, in whatever part of the earth  
 We draw this vital air,  
 We are brothers; we must be bound by one compact.  
 Accursed be he who infringes it,  
 Who raises himself upon the weak who weep,  
 Who saddens an immortal spirit."

\* \* \* \* \*

As the speaker went on in this strain, he drew all hearts upward to his thought; and from his sight we saw, beyond the blood-stained foreground, where race clashed with race, the peaceful for-

mation of ethnical unities and national unities—Slavonic, Scandinavian, German, Latin, American—each a strength added to all, separated, indeed, but only as the fingers of the hand are separated, that the common end and need of all may be more completely grasped.

So grand were the tones, so lofty the manner of the speaker, as he urged these views, that it was as if we listened to the voice of Destiny. Then he rose to the height of prophecy, and saw two new nations emerging from this thick darkness—a new Germany and a new France. Germany in her unity would never be content with the threadbare *régime* of the past; she would attain a new political organization, a body corresponding to her intellectual and moral soul; she would become a powerful focus of civilization in the heart of Europe—pacific and liberal. Then he repeated that fearful picture of the corruption to which France had been reduced under the Second Empire, which he had uttered in Notre Dame: “Luxury is eating into the entrails of this nation; whilst in the midst of this growing decay, courtesans are lifting their proud heads like worms on the corpse that is nourishing them.” And he said now, as in that church: “The enemy at our gates, our honor insulted, our independence menaced—if this be requisite to force us from those who are ruining us, God will accomplish this, because he loves us and wishes to save us in spite of ourselves. Come forth from the scabbard, sword of the Lord and of France; do thy work, do it quickly, and do it completely!” As the orator said these words, his frame trembled with emotion, his hand rose in the air, his fingers clutching as it were for an invisible weapon. Before him the heads of hundreds bowed down, cheeks were crimsoned, eyes were wet. Then above that lowly shame he raised the France that was to be, the France restored to herself, fulfilling patiently the promises so often vowed in revolutions, now renewed because representative of her deepest heart, and sure to come to pass; the France which, Catholic though she was, had produced Bossuet, Descartes, Pascal, Calvin—inquirers, thinkers, martyrs of freedom—and which had still the power to raise the noble banner of those ancestors over the ruins of the reign of courtesans and tyrants.

During this great outburst Father Hyacinthe paused once; and, as if speaking to himself, said: “My poor country!” He then paused; the crowd was still. It was a moment when we who were not French almost felt as if we were intruders; we felt that in that silent minute, heart was meeting heart, and the souls of the heavy-

laden refugees were mingling their tears under a common grief with which no stranger could intermeddle. The gloom of the murky London twilight had already fallen upon the company, and from the gathering darkness the sorrowful and terribly severe words had come from an almost hidden speaker, testifying to the moral degradation of France, until all words sank into those three: "My poor country!"

Just then the lights flamed out; the score of chandeliers, shaped like circular constellations, darted out their jets of flame. Where a moment before all had been gloom, there now shone on wall and ceiling the brilliant frescoed forms of Graces and Muses, as if they had started from aerial spheres to hail the prophet of their darling France, as above the dreary picture of her fallen estate he drew her risen from her ashes, redeemed, transfigured.

LONDON, Dec. 22d, 1870.

## FRANCE AND GERMANY.

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For nearly five months, Europe has been witnessing the most formidable collision of modern times; and every true friend of humanity, every earnest disciple of the Gospel is anxiously asking "what can I do to hasten the return of peace?" Mighty as are the triumphs of material force, they are still subordinate to moral force; and thus it is that, in the words of our Holy Scriptures, the kingdom of this world belongs, in the grand result, to God and to his Christ. Each of us is the depository of a part of this moral force. When it lays siege to God's righteousness,\* it is called prayer; when it does battle with the unrighteousness of man, it is called opinion; in either case it has power to remove mountains. At this moment, my appeal is to opinion; and nowhere could I better address myself to it than on English soil. Failing to prevent this lamentable war, against which she protested from the beginning with all the force of an honest conscience and an enlightened statesmanship, England has wrought prodigies of devotion to abate its horrors. The wounded of the two armies, the peasants of the ravaged provinces, have learned what may be achieved by the charity of a great nation. But, gentlemen, your task is not yet done. The hour has come for your country to make its high and impartial reason felt, more potently yet, in the counsels in which peace shall be decided.

I leave to statesmen and warriors the task of settling

\*The Kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.  
—MATTH. XI, 12.

the conditions which shall make this peace a lasting one. I mean to avoid all those matters which have only too much irritated and aggravated the dispute. It is for vulgar and mischievous minds to handle questions by the sides which divide, in such wise as to retard the settlement of them, if, even, they do not render it altogether impossible. Let us leave them to their noisy and useless wranglings, and for our part let us rise toward better regions, toward that land "which the lion's whelps have not trodden, and the vulture's eye hath not seen." \*

Is there any real matter at issue between France and Germany in one of these conflicts the character of which is the more terrible, and their duration the more protracted, by so much as the causes of them lie the deeper? Such is the question which I propose to treat, looking upon it from the double point of view of the antagonism of races, and the antagonism of religions.

## I.

And first, the antagonism of races. It has been said: "this war is no ordinary war between states; two races are disputing between themselves the empire of Europe—the Latin race by the sword of France, the Germanic race by that of Prussia. It is the decisive struggle of two civilizations, the final shock of two worlds in collision!"

I freely acknowledge that the idea of race is not without its importance and its rights in history. It is connected with another idea, that of family, which is the principle at once of all diversity and of all unity among men. The race is the family on a larger scale. It is pa-

\* Job xxviii, 7, 8.

ternity raised to the highest power, creating a new type of human nature, a characteristic form both of physical and of moral life, and transmitting them through the generations by the enduring plastic influence of the same blood and the same language. It is nothing strange, then, that a strongly marked race should feel itself to be a sort of mankind within mankind. This profound instinct has been approved, or rather, has been hallowed by God himself, who, when he would intervene personally upon the earth, has, (if I might venture the expression) associated his own destinies with the destinies of a family and a race—the family of Abraham, the race of Israel.

And yet here, as everywhere, we find the two opposite conceptions—the ancient idea and the modern—the pagan idea and the Christian.

According to the ancient view, the race is not only distinct, it is isolated. It believes itself to be of higher origin, and made for higher destinies. All blood but its own is impure, and it loathes the idea of being mingled with it. Every language but its own is barbarous, and sounds to its ear like a mere brute gibberish. It carries this spirit of separation even into those things which are most fitted to unite—into religion and morals. It recognizes no duties save towards its own members; it worships gods that are the foes of every nation but itself, and in the name of heaven as well as of earth, it lives in a state of war with the whole world. Evidently, the object pursued by the race, until it learns to rise above this gross conception, can be nothing but the extermination or the enslavement of the other races.

How different that new idea, dimly descried in the future by the Hebrew prophets, and, now and then, even by

the sages of India and Greece and Rome, but which Jesus Christ alone was able effectually to introduce into the world! By this, the races lose nothing of their importance. The gospel comes not to destroy but to fulfill. They retain their physiognomy, their distinctive lineage and mission, but they are no longer enemies nor even strangers. They are reconciled, in the discovery of their long-forgotten mutual kindred. Henceforth there is something more than men or nations; there is mankind, feeling itself to be one, throughout the length and breadth of the world, by the blood of Adam flowing in its veins, and by the Spirit of Christ breathing in its soul.

I know that recent science has raised certain doubts on the unity of our origin; and the question may arise whether, since science has brought us to a more just interpretation of the Bible on the subject of the antiquity of our planet and even of our race, it is not some day to bring us to a new explanation of the creation of our first parents. For my part, I do not believe that this is to be; but if I do not believe it, neither do I dread it. The oneness of our race is far less in the heart of Adam than in the heart of God—in that “tender mercy” of our creating and redeeming God of which the Gospel sings, “whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us.”\* Yes: even if there were different physical sources of our blood; even if mankind were sprung from more than a single pair; even if the Adam and Eve of the Bible were but the type of many historic or rather pre-historic Adams and Eves, neither my religious faith, nor my humanitarian faith would thereby be shaken. It would still and forever be true that one Creator had bowed himself over the

\* Luke 1, 78.



primeval clay, to quicken us with the divine breath, that one Redeemer had restored us all to the image and likeness which we all in common had received and lost. *Ipsius enim et genus sumus*, as Saint Paul says : “ for we are also of his race ! ”\*

Having then but one Father, in one God, the various races of man are called to consider themselves as the fraternal branches of one family, and to draw nigh to each other in the observance of the same laws of justice and love, in the practice of the same worship, the adoration of the Father in spirit and in truth. The true type of their destiny is found, not now in the multitude of those fields of battle on which they were wont to slay each other in the name of their false gods, but in the one city and the one temple—in that mystical Zion whither, gathering from all the ends of the earth, they shall go up nation by nation, to rejoin Israel, the first-born nation of Jehovah.

Tell me no more, then, of the antagonism of races. Speaking as a Christian man to Christians, I answer you with the words of Saint Paul : “ By revelation he has made known to us the mystery which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, that the nations should be joint-heirs, and parts of one and the same body, and partakers of God’s promise in Christ Jesus by the Gospel.”†

Apply these principles to the question before us. If there is opposition between the pretensions of Germany and those of France, it is because these pretensions are unjust. There is no opposition, there can be none, between the real interests of two Christian nations. These interests, if we leave out of view certain side-questions, the importance

\* Acts xvii, 28. † Ephesians, III, 3, 6.

of which is sometimes exaggerated, may be summed up, for substance, in these words; the Unity of Germany, and the Integrity of France. Now, in the first place I declare that France would have no reason to look upon the establishment of German unity as a misfortune for herself. I make bold to say this, notwithstanding the prejudices of a part of my fellow-countrymen, notwithstanding the authority of eminent men whose shrewd and sound judgment on so many other points I hold in high respect. I am the more bold herein, as this policy is for me no makeshift of the hour. I had no sympathy with the "patriotic anguish"\* which followed upon Sadowa, and in the pulpit of Notre Dame at Paris, where it fell to me to touch upon these questions at those lofty summits at which they themselves touch upon morals and religion, I put forth every effort to bring my country to recognize in the neighbor countries not dangerous competitors, but peaceful rivals, natural allies, and in many respects useful models.† I claim, then, that France had no occasion for agitation at the establishment at her doors of a first-class political and military power, and that she ought not to have looked upon the unity of Germany either as a humiliation or as a menace.

It is no humiliation. For it is with nations as with individuals: when they are indeed great—and such is France—they have no need to belittle everything about them in order to seem great. The real elements of a nation's greatness are within itself, in the regular and progressive development of its institutions, in the increase of its material

\* An expression of M. Rouher, uttered in the Legislative Body, March 16th, 1867: "This unlikely and unexpected event [the battle of Sadowa] filled the hearts of all men of the government with *patriotic anguish*." TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

† Notre Dame Conferences on the *Family* and on *Christianity and Civil Society* 1866 and 1867. Published by G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, 1870

prosperity, and, still more, of its intellectual and moral wealth. The greatness which is sought abroad, by arrogant interventions in the affairs of others, is as illusory as it is criminal. It is the policy of envy; and of all policies there is none more unworthy of the glorious history and of the heroic soul of France!

Neither is the unity of Germany a menace. Had France but spoken in that tone which is no less persuasive on the lips of a nation than on those of an individual—had she declared her determination to respect the liberty of Germany in everything that concerned its internal organization; had she repudiated all desire of conquest of those Rhenish provinces which have no more wish to be French than Alsace and Lorraine have, at this hour, to be German; had she refused to reach out a hand towards that sacred river, over whose waters float the historic and legendary traditions of the German people;—then France would not have had to dread a German invasion, or, in case of that impossible aggression, would have had all Europe on her side.

So then it was no more a matter of interest than of right for us to oppose the unity of Germany. I do not fear to add that our interest was rather to encourage it. There are some events against which no opposition can prevail, seeing that they are in the nature of things. The aspiration of a whole people demand them; the logical development—I might say the fated development—of its history leads to them; they seem to it like the necessary condition of the fulfilment of its providential destiny. An intelligent statesmanship forecasts events like these, and far from putting in their way impotent obstacles, which in the long run would only work its own harm, it lends them a generous

and sagacious aid by which it turns them to its own advantage. The imperial government at the outset fully understood this ; and I am glad, on this point, to do it that justice which has been so long withheld from it. It did not allow itself to be frightened by those two bugbears that have scared France out of her wits—the unity of Italy and the unity of Germany. It unfurled on the fields of Magenta and Solferino that flag of which the Emperor so justly said : “ it is preceded by a great cause, and followed by a great people ; ” and after that thunderbolt of a campaign of 1866, it affirmed in a circular which is still famous, the calmness with which France looked upon the establishment of a new order of things in Europe. Unhappily the Empire became blinded by the passion of personal government. It never understood that which constitutes the glory and tranquility of your noble country—the loyal alliance between the throne and liberty—and therefore it was, that, having resolved to resist at every cost, in its internal policy, the real public opinion that was urging it towards liberty, it felt forced to yield, in its foreign policy, even to the most unwarranted exactions of an opinion which was not that of the country. Towards Italy, and still more towards Prussia, it assumed that attitude of distrust and menace which made enemies for it where it had once had allies, and which plunged it at last into that gulf into which it has dragged us along with it.

You see, gentlemen, that what opposed the unity of Germany was not the real interest of France, but the prejudices of a factitious public opinion, the passions of a false national honor, set in operation by the most detestable calculations of a dynastic ambition.

On the other hand, Germany had no more interest in attacking the integrity of France, than France had in pre-

venting the unity of Germany. All that I have been saying against the fatal policy that has brought us to Sedan holds good against the not less blind nor less guilty policy which Germany has been following from that time onward. The Emperor Napoleon has vanished in the storm which he had so madly conjured up. His soldiers, worthy of a better fate, but betrayed by fortune, are fellow-captives with him. It is the nation that is left, alone and almost disarmed, to face this deluge of fire and lead—yes, the nation, with that capital, which belongs not only to France but to Europe, home of art and science, too often, also, of luxury and pleasure, but turned now into an impregnable citadel, whose every citizen is a soldier, I had almost said, a hero—the nation, with its homes transformed to hospitals, where every woman becomes a Sister of Charity, while the priests follow the husbands and sons to the battle-field to pray with them,—if need be, to die with them! Ah, gentlemen, this abuse of victory against such a nation, this want of respect and pity for woes unmatched in history, this relentless prosecution of our political annihilation, is it not a course as wanting in generosity as in equity? But more than this, considered as a policy, it is wanting in forecast. The annihilation of France cannot be anything more than temporary. The greatness of Prussia dates not from Sadowa, but from Jena; its disasters were the beginning of its regeneration. Even so a new France shall date from Sedan,—shall spring to birth, if it must needs be, from the ashes of Paris. I have not a doubt of it. I only fear lest by Prussia's own fault, this France should have but one sole passion—hatred, but one sole aim—vengeance! Ah! the most fearful spectacles of war are not always on the battle-field! I have me:

with them by the fireside. I have seen French mothers, in the transports of their patriotism, hugging their babies to their bosoms, and telling them in tones to make one shudder, "Child, hate the Prussians!" A people nursed in sentiments like that is a terrible neighbor. The day might come when the new German Empire would find this out. At all events, war would become endemic on the continent, and the second half of this century, which seemed called to inaugurate the era of peace, would go out amid bloodier struggles and more fatal convulsions than those which marked its entrance. Germany, at the center, I might say at the heart, of Europe, instead of a new focus of civilization, would become a focus of barbarism. Faithless to its true vocation—to be pre-eminently an intellectual, peaceful, liberal power—it would become a prey to the worst of despotisms—military despotism. It would inoculate itself with the poison which it has extinguished in our veins, and instead of reviving the traditions of Charlemagne, would continue those of the Cæsars and the Napoleons.

Let the statesmen of Germany heed this well. If they should dare assume, before God and before history, the responsibility of such a future, it is not France only that they would injure; it is not only Europe. They would themselves become the most dangerous enemies of their own country; and I do not believe there can be any mistake in saying that they would set themselves in opposition to the real public sentiment of Germany,—that sentiment which is strengthening day by day among the enlightened classes, and which responds to the profoundest instincts of the common people.

I have omitted all mention of Alsace and Lorraine; and I have done it purposely. This question, agitated on either side so passionately, is one of those which seem to me of secondary importance. In no respect does it affect the substance of the debate; and the excessive importance given to it on the part of Germany as well as on the part of France, is one of the most futile, and at the same time one of the most active of the causes which have prolonged this aimless struggle. Ah! for my part, I have too high, and I am sure, too just an idea of my country to confound, at this point, her moral integrity with her material integrity, or to think that the possession of a couple of provinces is so essential to her greatness that losing these she would be brought down from her present exalted rank. Your own history, gentlemen, would re-assure me, if there were need. When we recovered Calais, that city which you had made (as some one said) "a loaded pistol at the heart of France," the event was magnified in your minds to the proportions of a public calamity, and your queen Mary went down in sorrow to her grave, with that fatal name "written on her heart." But where to-day is the Englishman who dreams of lamenting the loss of Calais? Doubtless it would be just the same, by-and-by, if Metz and Strasburg should be rent away from us. The reason why we so earnestly insist upon our claim to those two cities is not so much their strategical importance, as the heroic fidelity which they have manifested towards us and which we render them in return. Alsace and Lorraine desire still to be French. They would show it by their vote; they have declared it by their blood. France owes it to them and to herself not to abandon them.

Further, it is a mistake to say that Germany would find the annexation of these two provinces a necessary

guarantee against the recurrence of aggression from our side. If the new Germanic empire will but be moderate as well as powerful, it will have nothing to fear from a neighbor that is at once enfeebled and grateful. I believe, whatever men may say about it, in such a thing as national gratitude; and I have a very special faith in it in the case of my own generous country. The real guarantees which Germany ought to look for are in relations of good neighborhood, in a sincere and lasting alliance with us. Now the best pledge of such an alliance is the maintenance of Alsace and Lorraine in our national unity. These provinces, perhaps you will say, belong to Germany by their history as well as by their language. I freely acknowledge it. But they have become penetrated with the spirit of France, and they belong to us by the energy and the persistence of their patriotism. Alsace and Lorraine are the natural and vital bond between the two great nations. They are the hand, I might almost say the heart of Germany, resting fraternally in the hand and heart of France.

Let us take a higher view yet, and as we are speaking of races and their antagonism, let us contemplate France as the instrument, in the hands of Providence, for their reconciliation. Sprung alike from Rome and from Germany, mingling their genius in its language, and their blood in its veins, with the genius and blood of the ancient Celts, France is a sort of point of contact and union between the Latin and the German races.

God, who rules in history, and who seems, to our apprehension, to be about to give to history its final and consummate expression in this occidental civilization which we justly call the Christian civilization,—God has been making ready, a great way off, and each apart from the other, the two chief elements of which it is made up—



on the one hand, in those splendid but too often enslaved and corrupted southern lands, the element of the Latin races, related, with the Greek races, to a common type: on the other hand, in those forests whose history no pen has written—say rather, those forests whose history awaited the pen of Tacitus,—the barbarous but purer and freer element of the Germanic races. By the splendor of their civilization, the strength of their political organization, the institutions of municipal freedom and of the Roman law, the Latin races represented more particularly the idea of the commonwealth. The German races, on the contrary, by that independence of which they were so jealous, those ties of blood which were almost the sole bond of union in their tribes, that instinctive and religious chastity which saw in woman a being more than human—*in esse divinum quid*, says Tacitus—the German races realized especially the idea of the family. One other race, the Jewish, in like seclusion, kept for both these the higher idea of religion. When God had summoned this from the Eastern hills in the person of the apostles and the early Christians, when the Gospel had appeared as the healer of all divisions, the educator of all barbarisms, the reformer of all civilizations, it produced in the world an immense and awful collision—thus men always begin: but the collision ended, at last, in a mutual and peaceful embrace, and *Christendom* began to be. But God's work is not yet finished. Even though united, the North and the South are enemies still, and the antagonism of the two worlds continues, suppressed sometimes, anon breaking forth again, from generation to generation. In the Middle Ages it is the Hierarchy and the Empire; in the Sixteenth Century it is the Protestant Reformation, in the Nineteenth, the

French Revolution. It is time for the two worlds to become one, and for the races of the north and those of the south, in full reconciliation, to accomplish the last stages of perfect civilization and of the kingdom of God upon the earth.

Men ascribe to the powerful statesman who presides at this moment over the destinies of Germany, I had almost said, of Europe, the conviction that the Latin races are used up. He is wrong; they are only impaired; and it is the part of a humane and far-sighted statesmanship, not to attempt their destruction, but to aid in their regeneration.

## II.

Do you remember, gentlemen, those old legends in which, at the moment when two armies are closing in the tug of war upon the plain, there appear celestial warriors fighting in the clouds above their heads? Thus it is that after having transformed this pending war into a war of races, some people have wanted to make it out to be a war of religions, and behind these two nations in arms have seen two churches struggling for the empire of the world.

I have a distrust of these analogies, which are rather ingenious than substantial, and in the present case I doubt if it is quite just to look upon France and Germany as the official champions of the two great forms of Christianity. Germany is divided almost equally between Protestantism and Catholicism; and France, on the other hand, represents, by a great part of herself, the most energetic, often the most excessive re-action, not indeed,

against Catholicism, but against the excesses of the Roman system.

However this may be, and even if it were true that the two churches stood confronted together with the two nations, I do not see in this any reason for fighting, but only for joining hands. Do you ask why? Because—thank God for it—the time of religious wars is past. It is one of the noblest triumphs of the Christian spirit, one of the most salutary and best established benefits of modern civilization, to exclude the sword from the domain of religion,—not only the sword of the magistrate, who has no right to punish in that domain, but the sword of the soldier, who has no mission to conquer there. “He that takes the sword shall perish by the sword.” This word of the Savior is fulfilled most of all in the sphere of religion. The sword is impotent against that faith, true or false, which it seeks to destroy. Commonly, it succeeds only in reviving, elevating, extending it. But it is only too potent against the infatuated church which carries it. It turns against that church, and kills or wounds in its bosom the moral principle which constituted its real force.

But it is not only war by fire and sword that has ceased between churches: war by word and pen is tending to come to an end. Theological controversies still continue, but they no longer inflame the passions of the people. Religious polemics have preserved, have even aggravated, sometimes, their ancient rigidity of gait, their ancient violence of procedure; but they repel, more and more, in every communion, truly pious souls, and truly cultivated minds.

A movement immeasurable, irresistible, is mysteriously drawing all the churches towards each other. The strug-

gles of the extreme parties only prove the resistlessness of the current against which they strive to swim. In all directions the churches are being forced out of their isolation and exclusiveness. They find that they have been alienated through ignorance of each other rather than by hatred; and they try to know each other better in their past as well as in their present. They bring their archives together and fairly adjust among themselves their several titles to glory and to shame:—for there is no church so perfect as not to have its shame, forasmuch as it is of man; there is no church so obscure as not to have its glories, forasmuch as it is of God. They estimate the comparative value of the forms under which the gospel doctrine has been set forth in one church and another, the developments of the Christian life in each. Withal, as in that translation of the holy Scriptures which I have seen in this country in preparation under the care of ministers belonging to all the communions, they seek together, beneath the letter which has so long divided them, the Spirit which begins to re-unite them. Verily, it is once more fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, “the Lord hath created a new thing in the earth!”\*

It would be a grievous mistake to seek in religious indifference the principle of this wonderful movement. Religious indifference is not the characteristic of our age;—the famous book of M. de Lamennais had only a temporary and local truth. Never was a century less indifferent than ours. I call to witness the activity of its religious inquiries, marked by a depth and sincerity such as former ages have not known in the same degree. I call to witness its very doubts themselves—earnest, burden-

\*JEREMIAH, xxxi, 22.

some doubts, with which it does not trifle, like Voltaire, but with which it suffers, and (if I might speak of it as embodied in some of its most illustrious representatives) of which it dies. Finally, I call to witness its faith—a faith which grows stronger, purer, grander, under the redoubled blows of criticism and skepticism, and endows it with strength to live and strength to labor for a better time coming!

What then is the origin of this novel phenomenon? Whence comes this drawing nigh of those who had dwelt so far asunder—this reconciliation among those who had seemed irreconcilable? I think we must seek the cause of it, at least in great part, in a juster apprehension of the history and the present condition of Christian society. An event has come to pass which seemed impossible to ecclesiastical antiquity, and we ourselves have been very long in coming to the comprehension of its nature and consequences. The visible unity of the Church has been broken. By the separation of East and West in the tenth century, two great churches were set face to face, both of them apostolic, both of them orthodox, both of them Catholic, and yet enemies. In the sixteenth century came the Protestant Reformation, developing this fact of division in new proportions, and, more than this, in a new spirit. The primeval synthesis has broken up, in the result, into a vast and confused analysis. Each of the churches which then emerged, took itself, more or less, for the Church universal; and claimed to possess an absolute right which was wanting to its rivals. Its theology was the complete and final statement of the revelation in the Scriptures: its organization was the faithful reproduction of the apostolic Church. I believe I do no injustice to

Protestantism in declaring that there was not in all its pale a sect so circumscribed but that it shared more or less in this strange illusion. Happily this is no longer so. Protestant churches are the first to confess that in respect both to their principle and to their history, such positions are not tenable. I am safe in adding that views analogous to these are coming to be expressed among the most enlightened minds in the Catholic church. Doubtless they maintain, as they justly may, those principles of continuity and universality which are the proper character of their church; but they begin to perceive that these principles have not always had their application in the facts. The events just transacted at Rome will serve not a little to give definiteness and development to these views. After the Council of the Vatican, far more than after that of Trent, it will be difficult to help recognizing in the Roman church new elements, defective elements, often, which make of it, in certain aspects, a particular church, and which no longer permit it, except by a thorough and courageous reformation, to fulfil its great mission for the unity of the world. All the churches are imperfect, and consequently no one of them is sufficient to itself. All of them, in order that they may rise towards the perfect Church, have need each of the rest, while they all have need of God!

The movement that is drawing the minds of men toward each other, has its origin in regions deeper yet. It stands related to a more intimate acquaintance with the laws of human thought, and (if I might use the expression) with the very nature of truth, so far as it is given to man to hold the truth upon the earth. Doubtless the truth is really contained in the human mind; but it is

there like a guest that is greater than the tabernacle of his sojourn, like a God more august and holy than his temple. Truth cannot be narrowly defined. The most necessary and the most certain of all truths, religious truth, is at the same time the least susceptible of precise definition. It resists all formulas ; it does not suffer itself to be shut up in our theological systems nor in our ecclesiastical institutions, but granting to us no more of itself than that portion needed by us for the wants of the journey, suffering itself to be seen, as once to Moses and to Elijah, only " by the hinder parts," and with a flying glimpse, it draws us onward, with our thoughts and doings, towards that higher world which is its abode and is to be our own.

I pray you, understand my meaning well. I do not disparage the value of religious forms. Though imperfect, they are legitimate, they are useful, they are even necessary. Without them neither teaching nor fellowship would be possible. But I assert that the more deeply we enter into the truth and the life, the less we are attached, or at least the less we are chained, to formulas ; and abiding faithful to the word uttered in our ear, which is the outward organ of faith, we listen like Saint Paul, to those secret inner words which it is permitted every soul to hear, which it is forbidden any mouth to repeat—" unspeakable words which it is not lawful for man to utter."\*

Thus it is that there grows up, above all the churches, though not outside of them, a communion of those minds and hearts best advanced towards the future, while at the same time they are most loyal to the past. To such as these,—while they wait for a completer union, for which the present is not yet ripe, but which it is theirs only to

\* 2 Corinthians xii, 4.

desire and prepare for from afar,—that is already fulfilled of which the apostle spoke: “the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace.”

It remains for me to point out to you, in the two countries which men represent to be the very seat of the antagonism of the churches, the providential means of religious reconciliation.

It has been often said that France was Catholic by the requirements of its logic and its temperament, at least as much as by the traditions of its history. I acknowledge it freely, and am proud of it both for my church and for my country. But it must not be forgotten that it is this same France which through Calvin has given to Protestantism its most original, perhaps its most characteristic form,—that form which is unquestionably the most popular with the Anglo-Saxon race. It must be remembered, also, that Catholic France itself has impressed the mark of its own distinctive genius upon its fidelity to the ancient Church, and that in respect to religion as well as in respect to race, it has long been a temperate zone between the south and the north of Europe. In the person of Bossuet as well as in that of Gerson, with mingled independence and reverence, it has planted against the encroachments of the central power the barriers which that power will vainly strive to overleap. In the person of Descartes, it has opened to free inquiry methods at once bolder and safer than those of Luther. And in the admirable school of Port Royal, with the learning of Arnaud, the tenderness and purity of Racine, the austere genius of Pascal, it has lifted up the immortal protest of the Christian conscience against those systems by which, at one stroke, morality is corrupted and liberty oppressed.



I have just been speaking of the protests of conscience. It was from one of these—an excessive one, as it seems to me, but grand and earnest—that Protestantism came forth. Its native land was Germany. “The German,” wrote Charles the Fifth to the Pope, who could not understand him, “the German is a patient creature who will carry anything but what weighs on his conscience.” From the burdened conscience of Luther—from his torn and burning heart—went forth the cry that woke the world,—that cry the echo of which disturbs the world to-day. In Germany, too, Protestantism has had its most complete development in the two directions necessary to every religious movement, and which, often opposed to each other in their progress, always end in mutual reconciliation—I mean science, and devotion. Yes, science in its most advanced form, adventurous, astray sometimes, but honest, profound, productive, has had its home in those universities, unrivaled, I make bold to say, even in England. And devotion in its most practical and most touching form, has had its sanctuary in the hearts of those educated, simple-hearted populations, that rest from their daily toil in peace, to read their Bible and their Schiller, and go to battle, as in this war, singing the verses of their old psalms under the pines of their old forests!

But alongside of this Protestantism, to which I have wished to render all due honor, Germany has not ceased to cherish a Catholicism not less enlightened, not less honest, not less liberal. It manifested itself in the Council of the Vatican by that opposition, triumphant in its apparent defeat, to which it had given some of its strongest supporters. But it is not in any bishop that this Catholicism is personified, but in a simple priest, an old man still

young in mind and heart under the weight of years and experience, a patriarch of German erudition, as it has so well been said, but a patriarch of conscience, withal; one who, not less great in character than in intellect, compels those to respect who have not learned to love him. I have named Dœllinger.

There is no country, it may be added, in which the two communions live together in relations more tolerant, more kind, I might almost say, more fraternal. I came myself, last spring, upon a most touching picture of this in the city of Heidelberg. Side by side in the same temple the two rites were celebrated, the Lutheran hymns making response to the Latin liturgy, Catholicism and Protestantism scarce divided by a partition wall. My heart thrilled in my bosom, and I whispered to myself, "the hour cometh when in point of Christian faith we shall all be Catholic—when against error and unrighteousness, we shall all be Protestant.

Thus have I set before you, gentlemen, this war—this war of destiny, as some have called it,—this war into which blind or malignant minds have been concentrating whatever of hateful passion could be derived from earth or from above the earth. We have found excuse for its existence neither in its earthward nor in its heavenward aspect, neither in the political interests of the people nor in their religious sentiments, and we have reprobated it at once in the name of reason and in the name of Christianity. And yet is it to have no other result than all this streaming blood, these smoking ruins? Is it to stand in history a hideous inutility? The very thought is an insult to that all-wise and all-merciful God whose care is over all his works, who

knows how to bring good out of evil, and never suffers men to introduce into his universe any disorder whatever, except that he himself may derive from it a more perfect and more stable order

Ah, yes! the providential results of this guilty war begin already to rise before my view. Bear with me yet a moment, while I bid them welcome, in your name as well as my own.

And first, as affecting Germany, the result is the creation of a political organism in harmony with her vast intellectual and moral development. Germany has been like a great soul imprisoned in an impotent body. This ill-assorted union is ended now, and it is because we know the soul of Germany, that we are not afraid of what course she may pursue in time to come.

And as for France, gentlemen, it might seem that she has gained nothing, but lost everything. Dear, dear, unhappy France! As we behold her stretched upon her own soil, in the convulsions of her heroic agony, we might be tempted to repeat, amid our tears, the word which was once spoken over another victim—“*Finis Polonicæ!*” No, no! it is not the end, it is the beginning! Out of calamity, beyond all our fears, comes forth deliverance beyond all our hopes! Rescued from a government which was bringing us to ruin, but which we ourselves had twice sustained by acclamation, we are going now to shake ourselves free of this alternation between dictators and demagogues, between the Convention and the Empire. We are going to break off from the bad traditions of our great Revolution, and to return to its legitimate traditions, and fulfil, under the form of a conservative republic or a limited monarchy—two

names for the same thing—those promises so binding and yet so long deferred!

In that apparent prosperity which for twenty years past has covered up so much of servitude and immorality, France had become an evil example to other nations, and was in a fair way to draw them along with itself to universal perdition. It was high time for that scandal to be taken out of the way. This was the prayer that was going up to heaven from truly patriotic and truly Christian hearts. Suffer me here to remind you that I myself was more than once the mouth-piece of it. "I will lay bare"—I said these words in the pulpit of Notre Dame—"I will lay bare those ulcers which are so obstinately concealed. Yes, while luxury is consuming the nation's vitals, while amid this increasing dissoluteness the harlots lift their shameless heads on every side, like worms upon the corpse on which they are battenning, there is engendered another brood of death and corruption that attacks not the heart but the brain—the sophists, corrupters at once of the public reason and of the language which is its instrument. \* \* \* But hark, now!—the foe is at our gates! our honor insulted, our independence threatened! If all this must needs be in order to snatch us from the hands of those who are our ruin, God will grant us even this, because he loves us and is willing to save us in spite of ourselves."\*

Well, God *has* saved us; and for my part, I do not feel that I have the right to reckon with him as to the fearful means which he has thought best to use. Thanks be to Thee, thou God of mercy and of righteousness! Thou

\* Notre Dame Conferences, 1867. On *War*. Discourses of Father Hyacinthe, vol. I., p. 104. New York, Putnam & Sons.

hast given back France to herself. Thou alone couldst know what cost of tears, what cost of blood was needed for this great redemption!

And finally, gentlemen, Rome is free! This also is my country—the country of my soul, and the joy of its deliverance breaks in like a ray of happy light upon the darkness of this hour. Ah! I have seen the temporal power too close at hand, to share these blind regrets that follow its departure. I have done my best, if not to love, at least to respect it. I thought myself in duty bound to do so. My conscience was stronger than my judgment. The temporal power has had its legitimate, perhaps its necessary, place. In the ancient order of things, it had its days of prosperity and even of glory. But in its later form, it had ceased to be anything but a decrepit system, destined to crumble upon itself, the moment the outward props should be withdrawn.

All hail, then, to Roman liberty! Liberty, I know, is only a means, and not an end. It may abide without result: it may conceive and bring forth death. But I have faith in the use Rome will make of liberty. The liberty of Rome is to be the giving back of Italy, also, to herself, that she may be mistress at last of her own great destinies! The liberty of Rome is to be the uplifting of the Latin races! The liberty of Rome is to be something greater and better than all this: it is to be the Reformation of the Church!

I append at the close of this Discourse the whole of that extraordinary passage on the moral uses of war, from which these fragments are quoted.—TRANSLATOR.

## APPENDIX.

[REFERRED TO ON PAGE 32.]

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Extracts from the Discourse on *War*, in Father Hyacinthe's Notre Dame Conferences for 1867, on *Christianity and Civil Society*.

There are hours in the life of nations when peace becomes a peril and almost a scourge. Wealth is too often a fatal thing to individuals, not because it is an evil,—on the contrary, it is a great good; but perverse man turns even good into a curse, especially when this good smiles upon his passions. Thus divine Wisdom has said, “Blessed are the poor! How hard is it for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven!” Peace, too, is a good yet more excellent, and yet when nations abuse it, it may be as fatal to them as wealth to the individual. Peace, indeed, develops wealth, and sets it circulating through the body of society. Then, with wealth, it develops luxury, in private life as well as public, and especially among women, with whom it puts on its most seductive and corrupting character. And all the time, as in a splendid but infected sepulchre, the morals of the people go on decaying in this terrible calm—and and with them its understanding perishes also. I have sometimes compared the sophist and the harlot; I must never do it again in this pulpit, if I have any regard for rhetoric. But I don't care for rhetoric; I am resolved to lay bare the wounds which society so obstinately hides. Yes; while luxury is consuming a nation's vitals, while in the midst of increasing dissoluteness the harlots lift their shameless heads on every side, like worms upon the corpse on which they feed, there rises up another brood of corruption and death, which attacks, not the heart, but the brain—the sophists, corrupters at once of the public reason and the language which is its organ. They make their attack in succession on the greatest words of that language—liberty, progress, civilization, morality, and even God; and in these sacred vessels of speech, in place of the perfume of the truth, they leave a deadly poison. They make it their business to pervert all just ideas and supplant them by vague and unreal abstractions. Then, amid these phantoms that they are chasing in

the void, and embracing in the sweet delusion of a dream, as Orpheus embraced Eurydice at the gates of hell, these demented souls keep crying out, "Facts! facts! leave theories to the old folks! give us facts and realities!"

Facts, forsooth! Well, here they are! The enemy at our gates, our honor insulted, our independence menaced! If nothing less than this will serve to save us from the toils of those who would drag us down to ruin, then God will grant us this, for he loves us and will save us from ourselves. Facts! Here are facts which sober us from our intoxication with abstractions, and bring the sense of reality—war! victory or death! The flag of France torn with shot, stained with blood, drooping in glorious tatters, but never receding! The women of France rising indignant behind their husbands and their sons, and driving before the scourge of their anger and disgust this rabble-rout of harlots and sophists! Make way there for the Sister of Charity, that comes to tend the wounded on the battle-field! Make way for the Catholic priest, till now neglected and despised, sneered at as a man of the past, a man of foreign sympathies, when all the time he is the nation's own man, for the present and past alike: he is at hand now with the consolations of religion, comforting in his arms, cherishing with tears and kisses those who are dying with no mother by their side.

As those days draw nigh, as in the days of Israel's calamity, men cry, Peace! Peace! But the Lord, perhaps, has said War! The monarchs go about one to another calling each other Brother, and then, as if they doubted of it, saying it over again. The people do but make echo to their kings. From the coasts of the Atlantic to the shores of the Mediterranean, interests in coalition protest against war, now by the dull silence of business, now by the noisy complaints of working-men. The talking men and the writing men come to the support of business interests in the name of ideas, and once more the whole world is crying Peace! And yet, as under some overhanging storm, we seem to feel the thunder in the air, so the people vaguely perceive in their atmosphere that terrible gathering of electricity which Jesus Christ has spoken of as "rumors of wars."

Son of Bethlehem! Father of the Age to come! Prince of peace! O grant us that peace which is peace indeed! Scatter these rumors of war, save each nation by itself, regenerate France by her own children! So grand she is, even yet; so peaceful and so prosperous she might be, if only left to her own true instincts!

But if it is too late—great God, if, in thy wisdom, thou hast otherwise decided, then bring back to us, upon the battle-field, that faith which on the battle-field we first received; that faith of Tolbiac which made us great, but which it is sought to ravish from us. Pour out in war the blood of our young men, too precious to dry up in sterility, or be corrupted in the pleasures of an unworthy peace. Leap from the scabbard, thou sword of the Lord and of France, *gladius Domini et Gedeonis*, and do thy work! Do it speedily, and do it to the end!

And then, “O thou sword of the Lord, put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest, and be still!”\*

\*Jeremiah, xlvii. 6.

















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